ALLA NAZIMOVA, an Actress of Inspiration.

By Charles Darnton.

"You see," smilingly remarked Mme. Nazimova, offering me Russian cigarettes, "I am loyal."

"Does your loyalty to Russia extend beyond the end of a cigarette?" I asked, taking one of the long, slender rolls from the box she held.

She struck a tiny match and watched the sputtering flame as she answered: "You have an expression in this country—burning one's bridges behind one—that answers the question. I have burned my bridges behind me."

The match went out in the breeze of a final gesture and was put away—with Russia.

"I have found a new home"—the words followed a thin, blue line of smoke—"and here I shall stay." She leaned back in her chair with her hands behind her head. "I shall be an American, and a little girl of eight whom I dearly love shall become an American with me. Her mother is to bring her from Russia in a short time, and I shall keep her with me. One must have something in one's life."

She seemed to have much more in hers than when I last talked with her a year ago. She was trimming a hat then—a hat she was to wear at the little Third street theatre that night—in a room on the noisy, crowded, odorous east side. Life was a hard, if interesting, grind for her in those days. It meant work day and night. Now her hands were idle. She wore clothes made by other hands—"smart" hands, with the magic touch of "fashion"—and she lived in a fashionable hotel. The Third street Nasimoff had become the Broadway Nazimova. The town was singing her praises and trying to pronounce her name. Sometimes Broadway is kind. Sometimes Broadway knows a thing or two.

"I don't suppose you even dreamed of becoming an American 'star' when you came to this country?" I remarked.

"I had dreams," she mused, with her graceful head drooping forward, "but," looking up with a laugh, "never one so wild as that. No, I thought I should come over here for a few performances, and then go back. But there was nothing to go back to. I did return for a few weeks, only to find that I could do nothing. I believe I told you that before. There was no interest in the theatre. The people were concerned with more vital things. They themselves were playing the great drama of life. The theatre was no longer the mouthpiece of the people. They were speaking and acting for themselves. I looked on at the tragedy until my nerves were gone—until I could stand it no longer. There was nothing for me to do, so I came back. But I told you all this before, did I not?"

"Through an interpreter."

"Yes, and there was a very funny thing in that interview. I laughed the other day when, in going through my scrapbook, I read it again. I spoke of having gone down to the Bowery to see a melodrama, 'Why Girls Leave Home'—do you remember? And in the interview you had me say I thought it very nice. What I did say was that it amused me. I wondered what people would think of a woman who played Ibsen and admired 'Why Girls Leave Home!' Oh!"

She threw back her arms in merriment and brought her hands together with a smothered clap. There is a great deal of the girl in this dark, slender woman of tragic possibilities. She is as ingenuous as a child. I waited until her laughter had gone up in smoke before saying:

"This time, thanks to your knowledge of English, there is no need of an interpreter to lead us into error. Did you find English difficult?"

"No," she answered, "it was quite easy, although I studied hard for a year or more. I think any one who speaks tongue-breaking Russian ought to be able to learn English."

"You do not find English awkward as a mode of dramatic expression?"

"Not at all," was her quick reply. "Your question surprises me. I find English very suitable for dramatic expression. It is especially suited to 'Hedda Gabler'—more so, in my opinion, than any other language. I like it best of all for that play."

It was a banal question, but my curiosity drove me on to ask which of her roles she liked best.

"The one you didn't like, Hedda Gabler," she replied, with a flash that the dark eyelashes only partly veiled. "I like a role that bothers me, one that strikes me here"—tapping her forehead—"and Hedda does that. With Hedda there is always something to think about, some secret to discover, some meaning to learn, something to get that you haven't got before. Hedda Gabler would give me work for ten years. When I am acting the character I feel that I am reaching for something I cannot touch, that my arms are straining upward, ever upward, that I am striving for the unattainable. There is so much to understand in Hedda that I despair of ever understanding her. After a performance of 'Hedda Gabler' I am tired out, exhausted. With 'A Doll's House' it is different. Any one can understand Nora. She is clear, open, frank—nothing is hidden. When I am through with her, I am done. There is nothing to think about. That, I believe, is why 'A Doll's House' is so popular here."

Mme. Alla Nazimova.

Because New York theatre-goers don't care to think? By "The Lion and the Mouse!" by "The Red Mill!" by almost any old thing that "goes" here, would she dare to say it? No, she wouldn't.

"No, it isn't that," she said. "New York audiences, in common with audiences everywhere, like best what they understand best. It is only natural that they should. Nora is easy to understand—Hedda is not. That's the difference. I am satisfied that I could have played 'A Doll's House' into June. But the Bijou contract called for a new play, and when the theatre manager saw a few vacant seats one Monday night he cried 'Ibsen!' I don't believe it was Ibsen. I think it was only the light Monday night that is to be expected occasionally. All the managers are against Ibsen, or at least most of them are. And yet 'Hedda Gabler' ran through nine weeks of matinee performances at the Princess, 'A Doll's House' was given at the Bijou for four weeks in the evening, and then came three weeks at the Herald Square. This, it seems to me, speaks very well for Ibsen and the serious appreciation of New York audiences. I know of no other city where Ibsen's plays have been so successful."

"You have gone to the theatres here?"

"During the past year I have gone a great deal, principally for the purpose of studying the audiences. My observation has taught me that Americans are peculiarly sensitive to the slightest false note in a performance. The moment a play, or the acting, fails to ring true, they lose interest. One thing that has struck me as odd is that Americans, though the most nervous nation in the world, betray very little nervousness in the theatre. They are very quick to appreciate the good points of a performance and they encourage the actors at every step, yet they make very little demonstration. The French are very enthusiastic, but they are superficial—one feels they are all on the surface. One does not feel that about the Americans—they are more genuine. Sometimes they keep what they feel to themselves and when the curtain falls the house is quiet. I prefer that to applause in some plays, especially in 'Hedda Gabler.' It shows that the play has made an impression. Silence sometimes speaks louder than curtain calls. But audiences differ, of course."

"Have you noticed that your audiences differ from those at other theatres?"

"I think mine is a special audience. More intelligent? No, I should say more serious, perhaps. Now and then, of course, the wrong person is there by mistake. I usually discover it by hearing the wrong note in the laugh—sometimes the laugh is all wrong. A short time ago a friend told me of a young man and a girl who sat just in front of her. She learned from the young man's remarks that he ran an elevator at a hotel. His one comment on the performance was 'Gee! hasn't she a long neck!'"

She raised herself on the edge of her chair, tilted her chin as you see it in the picture, and kept the pose until it was broken by a ripple of laughter.

"After a performance," she went on, "my very good friend tells me what I have done. I never know just what I do on the stage. It is impossible for me to be mechanical. I act upon impulse. I am a creature of inspiration, and for that reason I need watching. Sometimes I do the right thing—and it is left in. Sometimes I do the wrong thing—and it is cut out. But I must be told; I do not remember. I did not know, for example, that I had caressed the door with my hands in 'A Doll's House,' when Nora starts to leave her husband the first time, until one or two of the critics mentioned it in their reviews. At the moment it seemed the only way to say good-by. I might never have done it again, however, had it not been noticed by the critics. The English critic, Mr. William Archer, who is coming to see me at 4 o'clock, also opened my eyes to the value of a little thing in 'Hedda Gabler,' that was purely a matter of accident. I had always hidden Lovborg's manuscript under a sofa pillow, but at this performance Mr. Blair came in sooner than I had expected and I could not reach the pillow in time. So I thrust the manuscript under my wrapper and held it against my breast. But when Mrs. Elvsted said to Lovborg: 'I shall think of it to my dying day as though you had killed a little child,' the thought of clasping a dead child filled me with such horror that my hands shrank from the touch of the manuscript and it fell to the floor. Luckily, I was able to cover it with my wrapper, and the scene was saved. I thought no more of it until Mr. Archer spoke of it as the greatest moment in the play. I instantly made it part of the play."

"Will you give other Ibsen plays next season?"

"Yes, I expect to open the season in 'Little Eyolf.' After that I shall appear in an American play called 'Madstone.' It is by Ridgely Torrence, and it has a poetic quality that reminds me of Hauptmann. I shall play the role of an Ohio girl who has lived in France. So you see, I shall be more American than ever next year. When it was first proposed that I become an American actress, I laughed at the idea. It seemed absurd. But now—well now, I am very happy."

A neighboring clock struck 4. It was time to go. Out of the elevator for which I was waiting stepped Mr. William Archer, tall, blond, mustached and "side-burned"—as serious and correct as an Ibsen preface.

Health and Beauty

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

THE MAGNETIC BATH.

THE few minutes that are devoted to the bath in the morning can be spent in stimulating and awakening all the forces, as well as in arousing the circulation of the blood. It is understood that a warm bath has been taken at night for cleansing purposes, and that the morning bath is chiefly taken as a tonic, particularly for those whose circulation is poor. It is excellent for anæmic children. Stand on the bath mat and raise the body slowly on the toes, inhaling a deep breath slowly and steadily. Retain the breath a few seconds, and then sink back slowly, at the same time expelling the breath through the nostrils. Repeat this several times, then fill the lungs full and splash the body with cold water with the hands. Do it as quickly as possible, but expel the breath and inhale again if you cannot hold the breath comfortably. Now rub the body dry with the hands, beginning with the left foot and ankle and rubbing upward, meanwhile practising deep breathing and retaining the inhaled breath as long as possible. If a great deal of water has been splashed on the skin it may be necessary to take a towel and rub off some of the moisture, but the main work should be done with the hands. There is something in the human hands which cannot be duplicated by a cloth or towel. If the body is rubbed vigorously it will respond with a glow and a feeling of vigor not usually experienced after the ordinary bath.

Superfluous Hair.

E. M. C.—You will find by using a complexion brush regularly, scrubbing your face well with a pure soap, in warm water and rinsing in several clear waters, that the hair will grow neither so fast nor so thickly. The oily substances which clog the pores and encourage this growth will be entirely removed by this treatment. If you will send me your name and address I will answer your other questions.

Chamomile Tea.

B. J.—This tea will make brown hair lighter, imparting a slightly reddish tinge. It should be applied after the hair has been shampooed and dried. To make the tea, get a small package of the dried flowers at a drug store. Put the flowers in a covered saucepan and pour over it a quart of boiling water. Allow it to steep until the liquid is a deep amber color. Then strain into a glass jar.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Novelized from CHARLES KLEIN'S Great Play,

By Arthur Hornblow

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nicholas Ryder, first magnate and multi-millionaire, plots to ruin Judge Rossmore, whose incorruptible honesty has blocked many of the money king's nefarious schemes. Taking advantage of the Judge's ignorance of business, Ryder makes it appear that he has accepted a bribe to render a certain court decision. Through his accomplice, Senator Roberts, Ryder plans Rossmore's impeachment, and by a Wall street movement sweeps away his fortune. Rossmore, his wife and his daughter, Shirley, move to a Long Island suburb. The money king has one son, Jefferson. Ryder plans to marry his son to Roberts's daughter Kate, to whom his English secretary, Bagley, is secretly making love. Jefferson loves Shirley, who, under an assumed name, has written a novel attacking Ryder. He asks her to marry him, but receives an evasive reply. Ryder urges vainly upon Jefferson the advantages of a marriage with Kate and grows furious at his son's refusal.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

Father and Son.

HIS face was pale with anger, his jet-black eyes flashed, and his white hair seemed to bristle with rage. He paced the floor for a few moments, and then turning to Jefferson, who had not moved, he said more calmly:

"Don't be a fool, Jeff. I don't want to think for you, or to choose for you, or to marry for you. I did not interfere when you threw up the position I made for you in the Trading Company and took that studio. I realized that you were restless under the harness, so I gave you plenty of rein. But I know so much better than you what is best for you. Believe me I do. Don't—don't be obstinate. This marriage means a great deal to my interests—to your interests. Kate's father is all powerful in the Senate. He'll never forgive this disappointment. Hang it all, you liked the girl once, and I made sure that"—

He stopped suddenly, and the expression on his face changed as a new light dawned upon him.

"It isn't that Rossmore girl, is it?" he demanded. His face grew dark and his jaw clicked as he said between his teeth: "I told you some time ago how I felt about her. If I thought that it was Rossmore's daughter! You know what's going to happen to him, don't you?"

Thus appealed to, Jefferson thought this was the most favorable opportunity he would have to redeem his promise to Shirley. So, little anticipating the tempest he was about to unchain, he answered:

"I am familiar with the charges that they have trumped up against him. Needless to say, I consider him entirely innocent. What's more, I firmly believe he is the victim of a contemptible conspiracy. And I'm going to make it my business to find out who the plotters are. I came to ask you to help me. Will you?"

Ryder, sr., rose, his hands working dangerously. He made a movement as if about to advance on his son, but by a supreme effort he controlled himself.

"No, upon my word, it's no use disinheriting you; you wouldn't care. I think you'd be glad; on my soul, I do!" Then calming down once more, he added: "Jefferson, give me your word of honor that your object in going away is not to find out this girl and marry her unknown to me. I don't mind your losing your heart, but don't lose your head. Give me your hand on it."

Jefferson reluctantly held out his hand.

"If I thought you would marry that girl unknown to me I'd have Rossmore sent out of the country and the woman too. Listen, boy. This man is my enemy, and I show no mercy to my enemies. There are more reasons than one why you cannot marry Miss Rossmore. If she knew one of them she would not marry you."

"What reason?" demanded Jefferson.

"The principal one," said Ryder, slowly and deliberately, and eying his son keenly as if to judge of the effect of his words, "the principal one is that it was through my agents that the demand was made for her father's impeachment."

"Ah," cried Jefferson, "then I guessed aright. Oh, father, how could you have done that! If you only knew him!"

Ryder, sr., had regained command of his temper, and now spoke calmly enough.

"Jefferson, I don't have to make any apologies to you for the way I conduct my business. The facts contained in the charges were brought to my attention. I did not see why I should spare him. He never spared me. I shall not interfere, and the probabilities are that he will be impeached. Senator Roberts said this afternoon that it was a certainty. You see yourself how impossible a marriage with Miss Rossmore would be, don't you?"

"Yes, father, I see now. I have nothing more to say."

"Do you still intend going away?"

"Yes," replied Jefferson bitterly. "Why not? You have taken away the only reason why I should stay."

"Think it well over, lad. Marry Kate or not, as you please, but I want you to stay here."

"It's no use. My mind is made up," answered Jefferson decisively.

The telephone rang, and Jefferson got up to go. Mr. Ryder took up the receiver.

"Hello! What's that? Sergt. Ellison? Yes, send him up."

Putting the telephone down, Ryder sr., rose, and crossing the room, accompanied his son to the door.

"Think it well over, Jeff. Don't be hasty."

"I have thought it over, sir, and I have decided to go."

A few moments later Jefferson left the house.

Ryder, sr., went back to his desk and sat for a moment in deep thought. For the first time in his life he was face to face with defeat; for the first time he had encountered a will as strong as his own. At all costs, he mused, the boy's infatuation for Judge Rossmore's daughter must be checked, even if he had to blacken the girl's character as well as the father's, or, as a last resort, send the entire family out of the country.

The door opened and Mr. Bagley entered, followed by a tall, powerfully built man, whose robust physique and cheap-looking clothes contrasted strangely with the delicate, ultra-fashionably attired English secretary.

"Take a seat, Sergeant," said Mr. Ryder, cordially motioning his visitor to a chair. The man sat down gingerly on one of the rich leather-upholstered chairs. His manner was nervous and awkward, as if intimidated in the presence of the financier.

"Are the Republican Committee still waiting?" demanded Mr. Ryder.

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

"I'll see them in a few minutes. Leave me with Sergt. Ellison."

Mr. Bagley bowed and retired.

"Well, Sergeant, what have you got to report?"

He opened a box of cigars that stood on the desk and held it out to the detective.

"Take a cigar," he said amiably.

The man took a cigar, and also the piston which Mr. Ryder held out. The financier knew how to be cordial with those who could serve him.

"Thanks. This is a good one," smiled the sleuth, sniffing at the weed. "We don't often get a chance at such as these."

"It ought to be good," laughed Ryder. "They cost two dollars apiece."

The detective was so surprised at this unheard-of extravagance that he inhaled a puff of smoke which almost choked him. It was like burning money.

Ryder, with his customary bluntness, came right down to business.

"Well, what have you been doing about the book?" he demanded. "Have you found the author of 'The American Octopus?'"

"No, sir, I haven't. I confess I'm baffled. The secret has been well kept. The publishers have shut up like a clam. There's only one thing that I'm pretty well sure of."

"What's that?" demanded Ryder, interested.

"That no such person as Shirley Green exists."

"Oh," exclaimed the financier, "then you think it is a mere nom de plume?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you think was the reason for preserving the anonymity?"

"Well, you see, sir, the book deals with a big subject. It gives some hard knocks, and the author, no doubt, felt a little timid about launching it under his or her real name. At least that's my theory, sir."

"And a good one, no doubt," said Mr. Ryder. Then he added: "That makes me all the more anxious to find out who it is. I would willingly give this moment a check for $5,000 to know who wrote it. Whoever it is knows me as well as I know myself. We must find the author."

The sleuth was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"There might be one way to reach the author, but it will be successful only in the event of her being willing to be known and come out into the open. Suppose you write to her in care of the publishers. They would certainly forward the letter to whatever she may be. If she does not want you to know who she is she will ignore your letter and remain in the background. If, on the contrary, she has no fear of you, and is willing to meet you, she will answer the letter."

"Ah, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Ryder. "It's a good idea. I'll write such a letter at once. It shall go to-night."

He unhooked the telephone and asked Mr. Bagley to come up. A few seconds later the secretary entered the room.

(To be Continued.)

Bill Hustle, of Harlem—What Makes Him Hurry So?

By H. Methfessel